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SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF
Netterville:
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW days brought Lewisham to the place of destination, which it is necessary to give the reader some account of, as being intimately connected with the thread of our narrative. Bamborough castle is situated on an eminence on the sea coast, in the north of England: it was built by Ida, first king of the Northumbrians, on the scite of an old Roman fortress; a square tower, which is supposed to be still existing, was attached by that king to the building; the hill on which it stands is inaccessible, save only by a flight of steps on the south-east, and the ruins are very considerable: part of it is kept in very excellent repair, and inhabited by one of the trustees for the estate. This castle and domain was purchased by a bishop of Durham, and by him vested in the power of three trustees; the intire revenue to be appropriated to charitable uses. The resident trustee, before the commencement of this history, had been the unfortunate lieutenant before mentioned; through him the poor obtained raiment and cloathing; by his exertions, the hapless mariner had been preserved from shipwreck and death, and in the castle of Bamborough had the weather-beaten tar found refuge and protection in the day of calamity and old age: its hospitable doors had never been closed against the houseless child of necessity. A nightly patrole had been kept up for eight miles (the boundary and extent of the territory), and sginals of distress were ever followed by a cannon which, fired in a particular direction, denoted in which quarter the assistance of the garrison was required. It was night when our hero approached a spot fondly endeared to memory by the recollection of youthful sports, and days unclouded by calamity; the enthusiasm which filled his bosom, on again beholding a place which had afforded him shelter and protection from the storms of adversity, and where, in the presence of his revered friend, he had spent so many happy hours, was as suddenly repelled by the heart piercing recollection, that that friend no longer waited his approach with fond parental solicitude; no cheering voice hailed his return to Bamborough; no heart vibrated with affection towards him; the wide world contained no sympathising being, who would pour the balm of consolation into his aching bosom, for cold in the grave reposed the kind friend, whose gentleness of manners and benevolence of character had lent grace to the rugged scene. His heart palpitated; a thousand tender thoughts flashed across his mind; he gazed with unutterable anguish on the scene before him; the lofty turrets were enveloped in clouds and darkness; a grey mist concealed the extent of the fabric, from which the owl flitted, uttering most piercing shrieks, as if complaining of the intrusion of man. Echo, responsive to her wailings, broke in on the stillness of nature, and the distant rolling of the ocean gave a solemnity to the universal pause, which succeeded every dash of its billows. Lewisham stood a few minutes, to collect his scattered spirits; a light faintly beamed from the windows of the great hall; a tear rolled unheeded down his van cheek. "Alas," cried he, "gloomy, unsocial, and forelorn, will be the future days I shall spend at Bamborough!" He started, for he knew not who might have succeeded his revered benefactor in the command of the extensive domain.—"Alas, as little did he know if the death of that benefactor had been announced at the castle: and must he, the fondly cherished child of his adoption, be the first who should make known to the domestics the sad loss they had mutually sustained?" Again he paused, unable to proceed—After much difficulty, he at length ascended the steps which led to the castle—the distant sound of the horsemen reached his ear, as they patroled the adjacent beach. The castle clock struck ten at the moment that Lewisham crossed the outer court—the door of the inner inclosure remained unfastened; he approached the house; he entered the great hall: a sailor, whose business it was to wait the return of the patrole, slept soundly by the side of a wood fire, which blazed on the hearth: by his side, opposite our hero, stood the arm chair in which the lieutenant reposed, after a day spent in all the duties of active benevolence, which was frequently succeeded by a night of hardship and exertion. His sword, the companion of all his military exploits, hung suspended over it, alike participator in his dangers, witness of his achievements, and companion of his retirement: it was also suspended *in terrorum*, as a badge of his authority; although in the castle of Bamborough that authority had never been disputed, there stood his cane; that crook was occupied by his hat, and on the back of his chair hung his watch-coat, in the very places where Lewisham had last seen them, when he quitted Bamborough

for the university; and at the foot of the chair lay poor Tray, the companion of many long years of sorrow and misfortune; the friend whose unshaken fidelity had survived the decay of youth, the wreck of all sublunary happiness, the blight of adversity, and the gripe of poverty. Ye who have experienced similar feelings to those which oppressed the mind of Lewisham, as the comparison between past felicity and present misery presented itself to his view, will pity the sighs of agonizing sorrow, which rent his bosom, as he rushed with precipitation from the hall into an adjoining apartment, formerly appropriated to the use of his benefactor. Here every object augmented his distress, for every thing reminded him of his first, his only friend: he flung himself on the bed, where he lay for some time in a state of insensibility, totally exhausted by the irritation of his mind, and the fatigue and exertion of the preceding day. When he recovered his recollection and composure, the moon faintly irradiated the apartment; by her light he could distinguish a portrait of the lieutenant, which was hung opposite to the window, and prostrating himself before the inanimate resemblance, he exclaimed in the language of the poet—

> "Guide of my life, instrustor of my youth,
> Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;
> Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd,
> In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd.
> In friendship's silent register you live,
> Nor ask the vain memorial art can give?"

He felt a secret pleasure in the idea, that the friend whose loss he thus mourned, was a witness of his secret thoughts and actions; and lifting up his heart in fervent adoration to the supreme disposer of events, he implored his protection and assistance, in the conduct of his future life, and with a mind resigned to his dispensations, he laid himself down to sleep, and soon lost the remembrance of his cares in quiet and refreshing slumber, from which he was at length awakened by a sensation of intense cold and shivering: a clammy sweat hung on his forehead, a damp distilled from his nerveless limbs, his breath was short and oppressed; indescribable horror appeared to have taken possession of his mind; he attempted in vain to speak, no sound issued from his lips—he imagined his last hour was approaching; he gazed fearfully around; no human form presented itself to his view; all was cheerless and forlorn. He recollected with accumulated terror, that his arrival at the castle was unknown; he strove to arise and procure some assistance; the effort was too much for his exhausted frame; he sunk senseless on the ground. In this situation he was discovered the following morning, by the domestic, whose office it was to air the apartments: medical aid was immediately procured, and the physician gave it as his opinion, that the disorder was a fever occasioned by fatigue and agitation of spirits, in all probability, augmented by the chill of an apartment which had been unoccupied for more than four months. To whatever the origin of the disease might be imputed, certain it is, that for a long time it baffled the skill of medicine; many weeks elapsed ere he was pronounced convalescent, and when at length permitted to quit his room, he was scarcely able to support himself, for the languor and weariness which the malady had left behind it. During this interval, a new commander had taken possession of the castle, and the remembrance of the lieutenant was obliterated from all but a few grateful hearts, whose sorrowful countenances were the best memorial of his numerous virtues.—Lewisham was now reluctantly compelled to turn his thoughts towards the prosecution of his studies at the university, as it was unlikely that his stay in his present residence would be permitted after the recovery of his health, and the settlement of the affairs of his departed friend; nor could he wish to continue in a state of inactivity and indolence: and since the period of his separation from the habitation of his youth must one time or other inevitably take place, he busied himself in arranging the papers of his deceased friend, and making preparations for his departure—Every thing being settled, he demanded an audience of Mr. Nugent (the new governor), that he might in person render up the trust which had thus devolved on him as the lieutenant's executor, and, receiving a polite answer, he followed a domestic into the great parlour, where the whole of Mr. Nugent's family were assembled, which consisted of himself, his wife, and an only sister: the person of Mr. Nugent was uncommonly handsome, his manners polished by education, and refined by a perfect knowledge of polite life; yet at times they were tinctured with a severity which in general rendered him little loved, and much feared. The favorable impression our hero imbibed, at his first entrance into the appartment, was instantaneously expunged by the cold and repulsive condescension with which he addressed him, and the hauteur visible on his countenance, when Miss Nugent spoke to him with easy familiarity on the common topics of conversation. Mrs. Nugent, to a remarkably plain face, added no particular elegance of form; yet her manners had in them that seductive sweetness, her voice that melodious tone, her smile that bewitching naivette, which more than compensated for the want of personal attractions, and could not fail to interest every beholder in her favour: her heart was liberal, her temper good, and her mind well informed. With such a woman, could Mr. Nugent fail of being happy? Alas! happiness is not the lot of mortality,—A certain pensiveness in the countenance of Mrs. Nugent, appeared to indicate affliction long combated in vain; at length with difficulty subdued, the storm, as it passed over her head, had shed desolation in her path, and the spirit was crushed, never to rise again, either to energy or vivacity. She was habited in deep mourning, which added interest to a face, every feature of which was clouded with melancholy and languor, the mind was weighed to the earth, and the body appeared too fragile and weak, to combat with sufferings.—Miss Nugent had passed her youth in solitude, and her maturity in the circle of a court; and, like most ladies, and beauties, had been admired, followed, and courted, while her beauty lasted;—laughed at, ridiculed, and forsaken, when arrived at the formidable period of old *maidism*. She had attained the age of forty; her lovers had long vanished, with the summer of her charms, when a distant relation died, and bequeathed to her an immence fortune, which once more reinstated her as a *beauty*, and a *belle esprit*; but she had, by this time, unmasked the butterflies by which she had been surrounded, and with an effort of heroism rarely to be met with, she formed the resolution of living and dying in *single blessedness*; her mind was naturally of a romantic turn, which had been heightened by an early disappoinment, her affections were ardent, and impetuous; her friendships enthusiastic; and her dislikes amounted to disgust and abhorrence; her purse and her ear were alike open to the call of distress; to her the child of misery never pleaded in vain—yet the eccentricity of her conduct almost overshadowed this fair character. She was a great reader, a great quoter of poetry; she was an anatomist, a botanist, a sta-

tuary, and—but let her future conduct speak for her—I will only inform the reader, that she was the only person who could possibly keep the haughty spirit of Mr. Nugent under any controul; and that, in spite of all her foibles, Mrs. Nugent was sincerely attached to her. The introduction of Lewisham to these ladies, passed like most introductions, on similar occasions, with similar characters—Mrs. Nugent kindly endeavouring, by easy conversation, to make her husband's hauteur pass unnoticed; and Miss Nugent, with lively ease, and unsubdued spirits, ridiculing his reserve, until she at length, forced him to say—"Well, Arabella, I perceive you will not suffer us to conclude our business; we will, if you please, Mr. Netterville, defer it until the morning, when I shall be happy to see you in my study."—"In the mean time," cried Miss Nugent, "as you are the only beau in the castle, I shall not let you slip through my fingers so easily; so, Sir Knight, you will remain in durance vile for the rest of the day!" Lewisham bowed to her, and answered, "all corners else of the earth let Liberty make use of, space enough have I in such a prison."—"Gallant, upon honour, rejoined the lady, "you are the very fellow, to make such a place as this stupid old castle tolerable."—"Hold, Arabella!" interrupted Mrs. Nugent, "stupid as you say this castle is, you know a certain gay lady has chosen it for her residence."—"O dear!" cried Miss Nugent, "was there any great choice left me? London was so horribly stupid; then I was quite sick of the folly and wickedness of mankind; as for Edinburgh, the deuce is in it; I think, if possible, it is worse than London—now here I have room for meditation, even to madness, "till the mind burst with thinking," then I shall have part of this fabric repaired: and when I have had a library, a spouting room, a laboratory of arts and sciences, a statue room, and a skipping room, I think I shall have employment enough on my hands."—"And do you ever expect, Arabella," said Mr. Nugent, smiling, "to see these arrangements completed?"—"O dear, yes! for with a little attention on my part, and a good many hands, I despair of nothing, particularly as I shall set the grand engine into circulation, and you know money will do wonders, brother." The conversation here dropped, and Mr. Nugent, soon after, quitted the room, politely seconding the invitation of his sister. The day passed off more to the satisfaction of Lewisham than he had at first expected; and when evening arrived, he reluctantly quitted the family party, and retired to his own solitary apartment. The following morning he settled every pecuniary matter with M. Nugent, and that gentleman, though with evident reluctance, requested he would not think of leaving the castle until his health was perfectly established—he bowed his thanks for a speech intirely dictated by politeness, secretly resolving to act in this particular as future circumstances should decide. The examination of the lieutenant's affairs had convinced Lewisham of the necessity of fixing on some plan for his future subsistence, as the whole amount of the bequest left him, after the payment of the just debts of his benefactor, amounted only to two hundred and fifty pounds. His health being now nearly restored, he could not, with propriety, remain longer in the castle; and he determined, the succeeding day, to bid adieu to its hospitable walls, perhaps for ever: he, therefore, sent a polite message to Mrs. and Miss Nugent, for the governor he found was gone out for a few days; and on the return of his messenger he received the following card from them:—

Mrs. and Miss Nugent, will be happy to see Mr. Netterville, before he leaves the castle of Bamborough, as the latter lady wishes to converse with him on some particular business—the ladies are intirely alone, and would prefer the present day, if agreeable to Mr. Netterville."

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

"MONEY is the root of all evil," said a shrivelled superannuated maid, in the store, yesterday.—It is a root, I grant—what grows from it? The fair tree of comfort,—and all the sons and daughters of humanity gather around it. Its branches are very extensive; but so high, that many cannot reach them, more will not endeavour, and none are satisfied with the abundance they gather. The young adorn themselves with its blossoms, feast on its fruits, and recreate beneath its shade. The aged procure a staff from it to prop them up on their journey. Hoary Prudence stands leaning against its trunk, and beckons the wandering stranger to its friendly shelter. I could not but remember the old observation "sour grapes," and concluded that nature had either formed her a dwarf, or a sluggard. Thou art a most abominable hypocrite, said I (as she was thus moralizing upon a small piece of silver which she had just taken from her purse) thou art a most abominable hypocrite, to charge all thy imperfections, thy sins and thy weaknesses, thy wantings and thy superabundances in thought, word and deed, to the account of one poor shilling—I doubt not thou bearest about thee a root of a much more prolific and pernicious kind than passive silver—it only wants perverting—"I touched the string on which hung all her sorrows." It was, no doubt, a painful remembrance, that no hand had ever attempted to gather the bitter fruit—nature had been remarkably provident in her formation, by throwing so many evils together into the same lump, that one was a guardian to the other.—Strange as it may seem, after moralizing a full half hour, this root of evil produced a gay flower, which she greedly plucked—it was, no doubt, to be set, as an allurement to entice the simple unwary admirer—It were better, madam, (said I, as she was going out) it were better to exhibit the decay of your features, a signal of distress; who knows but you might move the tender heart of pity to relieve you.

The man who will needlessly sport with the weaknesses, or calamities of others, merely to shew his wit, deserves to become a participator in those mortifications which arise from a consciousness of them. Raillery is applied as a goad to the mind, to stimulate it to bear its equal portion of the burden of moral duty: Our care should be, not to wound so deep as to weaken it. Nature, our common mother, has accommodated all her children with certain privileges, as essentials to their existence; successful industry has improved them into conveniencies; and pride decorates them with the superfluous appendages of luxury. Pride is a revolter, a rebel against nature; for she, no doubt, intended to support and protect her children, independent of art; and when they become undutiful, a short lecture of morality, even from the mouth of raillery, cannot be improper.

Because Plato reasoned well, Cato is said to have fallen on his sword. I fear it is because our modern Infidels reason ill that they frequently become suicides.

Abuse is that tax which merit must always pay for its superiority.

CHEERFULNESS.

In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight;
Nor yet when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce unusual joy;
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy!

I HAVE always prefered cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short but transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy: On the contrary, cheerfulness as it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a perpetual serenity.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the Great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man that is possessed of this excellent frame of mind is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the faculties of his soul. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befal him.

If we consider him in relation to the person with whom he converses, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence.

When its third relation is considered, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the Great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit thanksgiving to Providence, under all its dispensations; it is a secret approbation of the divine will, in his conduct towards man.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and on that Being on whom he essentially depends. If he considers himself, he cannot but rejoice in his existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him; and which, after millions of ages, will be still in the beginning.

The second scource is, the consideration of that Being on whom we essentially depend; and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded by an immensity of love. In short, we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means—whose goodness and truth are pledged for the accomplishment, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which the unthinking are subject to when they lie under no real affliction—will inspire us with unceasing gratitude for the various exhibitions of divine benevolence, establish an even temper, make us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to HIM whom we were made to please—to whom be ascribed praises everlasting.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

V's DEFENCE AGAINST W's ACCUSATION.

IT is a great happiness to me that I am cited before judges who will grant nothing to favour, or affection, and who will not regard appearances so much as truth. I say then, that he, who accuses another of crimes, of which he himself has been guilty, and which may, with equal propriety, be retorted upon himself, deserves censure rather than commendation. I hope I shall be able to make appear plainly that W's accusation is, not only, for the most part, false; but also, full of unproved assertions, malice, and envy.

He complains of being 'compelled to sit or stand in companies which he despises.' It would seem strange that a person, of such a 'respectable appearance,' and commanding aspect, as W, should be compelled to do any thing against his inclination by such a diminutive person as V. He certainly could not think that you, my enlightened judges, would place any confidence in this assertion. As his pride, and daring effrontery, must have eradicated from your minds all the decaying roots of esteem and respect; so his infamous violation of truth must have produced the seeds of indignation, and contempt.

The plain unexaggerated statement is this: I have always been a favourite of the ladies, my handsome person, and many accomplishments, have gained their esteem; add to this that I am always present at their *vows* of *inviolable* constancy, always in *love*, always a friend to *virtue*, and *love very* much their *vivacious* prattle. To them I give the amiable name of *virgins*, and of *virtuous* and *loving* daughters. I could not, indeed, hope, after all the tokens of favour and affection I have received, to be without a rival. W, who has long been endeavouring to undermine me in their favour, practised with some success, for a considerable time, his arts of insinuation, and deluded many into an artificial fondness for him. But affectation will sooner or later yield to nature, and the *valid* sense of the *vigilant* females will *pervade* through the mask of hypocrisy, and show to the world, this *wiseacre*, in his true features. So far have I been from deserting my own proper situations and from compelling him 'to sit or stand, in any of them, that I have always endeavoured to maintain my ground against his encroachments: often, indeed, my voice has not prevailed, and I have often, lamented to hear of *wirtue* being *wiolated*, of *wanity prewailing*, and of *wice* gaining the *victory*. This affectation is, however, partly laid aside, and there are very few persons who do not think that *virtue*, *virgin*, *vehicle*, sound much more natural than *wirtue*, *wirgin*, &c.

I hope, learned judges, that I have cleared myself from one part of his accusation, *viz.* that of 'compelling him, to sit or stand wherever I might think proper.' It remains now that I clear my character from the other assersion, *viz.* that of 'insulting and drawing him from one station to another, taking from him the light of heaven,' &c. I mentioned before, that those accusations arose chiefly from envy, you will see the truth of this by adverting to his nation, finding himself inferior to me in every accomplishment, natural, or aquired, he has recourse to antiquity in order to show that he is more honourably descended than I; as if, in this free and enlightened country, a person should be esteemed or despised according to the merits or demerits of his ancestors. It may be proper to mention that W, notwithstanding all his arts of insinuation, is no great favourite of the ladies. His unwieldy name and labial sound are too uncouth for their delicate mouths; also the notorious ill-man-

ners, and disgusting freedom, with which he always addresses them, contribute to procure him their most cordial hatred; the appellation of *woman*, *wife*, *wench*, or perhaps *worse* than all these, is the most common salutation used by him. What could he expect, after such behaviour, but to be denied their company forever? 'Tis true, they have chosen me as the most proper person to succeed him, and I am certain, my honoured judges, that had any of you received the same invitation, it would have been accepted. For if the deluding voice, and fascinating, charms of one female, can persuade her votaries to the performance of any action, how could I, who have always been their *devotee*, resist the united voices and charms of thousands?

If I have committed a fault, it was certainly unavoidable, I hope, therefore, learned judges, that I may not be censured for an action, which would have been done by any other person, in the same circumstances. My accuser himself has been guilty of the same crime, and was also the means of leading me into the temptation.

I see by your countenances, honoured judges, that you are convinced of my innocence, and the injustice of the accusation; and therefore, trusting to your known candor, and hoping my character may be cleared from the aspersions thrown on it by my accuser, I shall patiently wait for your determination. One thing, however, I would wish to submit to your consideration, namely, that as he has been so liberal of his abuse, I think it will be a punishment not too severe, that he be compelled to stand first in that odious appellation which he has so frequently bestowed upon me, that this and all words of the same kind, be pronounced *willain*, *wile*, *willainous*, &c. Although such punishment be infinitely too gentle for his infamous attack upon my character; yet, if your honours shall think it severe enough, I shall cheerfully acquiesce in your judgments. V.

From the (Northampton) Hive.

ADVERTISEMENT.

BEING determined shortly to reap the luscious sweets of a matrimonial state, and wishing for an agreeable partner, who can be happy in that situation, and who will do her endeavour to render me so, I think it suitable to give a description of those qualifications that I deem necessary, hoping it may assist me in finding the desirable object.

In the first place, let her be handsome, but let not her beauty consist entirely in a regularity of features, or in that which most people call beautiful, but in a certain expression of countenance indicative of a good disposition and good sense: Let her eyes be any colour excepting *red* or *white*, if they are bright and clear, I am also indifferent as to the magnitude of her nose provided it is not so large as to destroy the pleasure of *kissing*, nor so small as to be incapable of inhaling and exhaling a sufficient quantity of air with her mouth shut. Let her not be a little ill looking creature, but of a tolerable, height, yet not so tall but that I can reach her face without the assistance of a chair, or speak to her without looking directly up. Let her not be so fleshy as to resemble a hogshead in magnitude and rotundity; yet may she be *round*, *plump* and well proportioned. Let her skin be as white as a lilly and smooth as polished marble.

I wish her to be perfectly neat in every respect, and may she pay particular attention to the cleanliness of her *mouth*, *ears* and *neck*. I have sometimes seen young Ladies flaunting in silks and muslins, while the lustre of their skin about the neck was hid behind a cloud of dirt, which had been gathering for a number of days or weeks.

But may her cleanliness extend more particularly to *eatables* and *drinkables*, and let even the "dark and benighted corners of the" house experience of her neatness. Let her never get a habit of *smoaking* or *taking snuff*, *and on no account whatever chew tobacco.*

Let her observe a certain neatness in her dress and appearance; yet let those things occupy but a small part of her time, let her esteem gewgaws and toys unworthy a noble mind, and fit only to please children and fools. Yet I would have her fashionable when the fashions are not inconvenient, ridiculous and extravagant. To run into the extremes of fashion on the one hand, or to be entirely out of fashion on the other, are by no means indicative of good sense: the former shows a weak and trifling mind, and the latter discovers a want of taste, and frequently a great share of carelessness and slutishness. Many people who dress with peculiar elegance and neatness, do not pay half the attention to it that others do, whose appearance notwithstanding is far inferior. A good taste will regulate dress without even thinking upon the subject. Who does not know that a young lady, with thick blue wollen stockings, a short scanty white petticoat, and a dark coloured short gown must make a very uncouth appearance, nor is it in the power of fashion to make such dress look well in the eye of a person of taste and judgment. But as *internal* qualifications are of infinitely the greatest importance, I shall always revere them. And let her possess much good sense, a sound judgment, and a fixed principle, from which it will be impossible for the follies and vices of the world to induce her to deviate. Let her heart be kind, generous and benevolent. May she possess a great share of sensibility, but may sound reason be its guide. May her liberality ever be conspicuous when she sees the poor, needy and distressed. Indeed, may she take more pleasure in relieving her fellow mortals, than in hoarding up treasures. A few tears trickling down her lovely cheeks, and shed for the misery of another would add greater lustre to her charms, in my eyes, than all the Diamonds of the east and south, or all the flattering ornaments of the rich and gay. Sensible of the fallibility of human nature may she ever feel a disposition to palliate the offences, the frailities and the foibles of others. May she be ever deaf to those reports, which are constantly wafted on the swift wings of scandal from family to family, and from one neighborhood to another. In fine, may she possess all those seemingly small qualifications which render life desirable.

Any young Lady, answering the above description, who wishes to walk thro' Hymen's vale, may perhaps find a partner to her mind by applying to EBENEZER AMARETTO, in the south wing of Cupid's chamber.

OBSERVATION.

HONEST industry, says a sensible writer is sadly out of fashion. Our dashing men of spirit hate slow, creeping ways of acquiring property. They must strike some capital stroke—set fortune, integrity, happiness, every valuable consideration, upon one chance, and either become great people, or, in their own language, *nothing*. The spirit of rash adventure is one of the features of the times, and is derived from that fatal system, which despises the bounds of propriety, and laughs at the dictates of conscience.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR SCOTT,

Please to insert in your entertaining Repository, the following beautiful little Dialogue between a Shepherd and an Infant, to convince such of your readers as understand French, that the same cannot be held in English so *prettily*. L.

Le Berger (apart)—Quel est cet enfant? *Il excite ma curiosité.*

Enfant (apart)—Voila un berger qui m'examine beaucoup.

Le Berger (haut)—Quel est ton maitre?

L'Enfant (haut)—Je n'en ai point. Tes parens? Je suis seul de ma famille. Quel âge es tu? Toujours enfant. Où loges tu? Dans le Cœur. D'où viens tu? De ma demeure. Où vas tu? J'y retourne. Qu'y fais tu? Des heureux. Quelle est ta patrie? L'univers. Et ton nom? L'AMOUR.

From a young Lady to her Friend the day previous to her Marriage.

TO-MORROW!——yes, Eliza, to-morrow, wind tide, and my mind serving, I quit the bleak and barren shore of Maidenland, and embark on the sea of uncertainty, for the continent of Matrimony. As our course lies by the Cape of Good Hope, we have no certain compass to steer by; especially as its variations of late have been many. We must therefore trust to the strength of our vessel.

The prosperous fate of former adventurers has induced us to explore foreign climes, in search, perhaps, of imaginary treasures. I confess I have many fears; I know Terra Incognita is a dangerous region to wander in; and we have seen many settlements made there at great expence, that have proved hardly worth keeping. No more the soothing breezes of flattery shall waft my barge and swell my sails!

Pray for me, Eliza, that I may be preserved from the shoals and quick-sands of pride and jealousy, that I may neither split on the rocks of imprudence, be lashed by the waves of censure, nor chilled with the cold blasts of indifference; that I may never be tempted by my enemies to traffic in contraband goods, but exchanging largely in the article affection, in lieu of gentle offices, I may have frequent returns of gratitude and love; that without crowding my sails, or expecting to reach the Happy Islands, while tost on the waves of Time, I may suffer its tide to convey me gently into the quiet haven of Content.

An account of the Silk Mills, at Derby in England.

IN these mills are 26,585 wheels, and 97,746 movements, continually working except on Sundays. This grand machine is disposed in four stories of large rooms, above each other: and the whole is actuated by one great water wheel, which goes round three times in a minute. In each time of its going round, 73,728 yards of silk are twisted, so that in twenty-four hours 318,504,960 yards are executed. The water wheel is kept continually going: But on Sundays it is disengaged from all the rest of the work. Any part of these movements may be stoped without the least prejudice, or interruption of the rest.

Wond'rous Machine! thy curious fabric shews,
How far the pow'r of HUMAN wisdom goes.

JOCULAR ANECDOTE.

A widow who had been taught by the declarations of her deceased husband to believe that he would make a will much in her favour, after his death found upon opening his testament that he had acted very differently, and excluded her from the property she expected to possess. She made known her disappointment to her female servant, who cheered her spirits by assuring her that the effect of the will might be avoided, and a new one easily framed. The mistress desired to know by what means? The maid answered that there was a poor fellow named *Tom the Barber* in the neighbourhood, who much resembled her late master, and that for a small sum he would feign himself a dying man. If therefore an attorney was provided, and proper witnesses, a will subsequent to the date of the true one, which consequently would supersede it, might be made. Tom was sent for accordingly, and agreed to play his part. The parties were summoned, the attorney attended, and the supposed expiring husband dictated his last testament to be framed according to the wishes and interests of his imaginary wife for some time; but at length he proposed, that as he had till then complied with her desires, he might leave one legacy according to his own, which was, five hundred pounds to *Tom the Barber:* and to prevent a discovery of the fraud, the lady was obliged to consent to the proposal, and faithfully to pay the money to the proposer, in order, to insure his secrecy.

WEEK'S JOURNAL OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

From a London paper.

Monday. Played *George Barnwell;* part of the audience wanted me *hanged;* did the *Bailiff* in the *Apprentice;* shared thirteen-pence half penny.

Tuesday. Played *Jachimo* in *Cymbeline;* my arm almost broke by being put into too small a chest; farce, the *Register Office*, played *Gulwell;* shared one shilling.

Wednesday. House dismissed; not charges.

Thursday. Doubled the *Ghost* and *Rosincraus* in *Hamlet*, and afterwards played *Mago* in the *Devil of a Duke.* A gentleman affronted me, by saying, I was the *Devil of Conjuror;* shared one shilling and sixpence, and, for the first time, took my two bits of candle.

Friday. The *Orphan.* The Manager had taken *Castalio* himself, and insisted on my playing *Acasto*, an ignorant fellow introduced only to support *Acasto*, in the third act: standing on the stage, when I asked where are all my friends, was answered, "Sir, they are at the George, over a mug of ale." We afterwards had the *Padlock without music.* I played *Mungo*, and never felt any thing half so much as the favorite air,

"I wish to my heart me was dead!"

Shared eighteen pence, and a candle.

Saturday. Played *Macduf*, and two or three other parts in *Macbeth;* one of the *Witches* being drunk, we were obliged to make shift with two; the farce *Miss in her Teens;* I *Fribble*, and the house-barber having gone off in a pet, because I could not pay off my week's bill, I was obliged to go without my hair being dressed; shared ten-pence and candle. [*Exit.*

EXTRACT,

From Carr's "Stranger in France."

ONE evening as I was passing through the Boulevard Italien, in company with a gentleman from Toulon, we met a tall, dark, hollow-eyed, ferocious looking man, of whom he related the following story:

Immediately after the evacuation of Toulon, by the English, all the principal Toulonese citizens were ordered to repair to the market place—where they were surrounded by a great military force.

This man, for his offences had been committed to prison, was liberated by the French agents, in consequence of his undertaking to select those of the inhabitants who had in any manner, favoured the capitulation of the town, or who had shown any hospitality to the English, whilst they were in possession of it. The miscreant passed before the citizens, who were drawn out in lines, amounting to near three thousand. Amongst whom he pointed out about one thousand four hundred persons to the fury of the government; without any evidence, or further examination, they were all immediately adjudged to be shot. For this purpose a suitable number of soldiers were drawn out. The unhappy victims were marched up to their destruction upon the Quay, in sets of three hundred and butchered.

The carnage was dreadful. In the last of these unfortunate groups, were two gentlemen of great respectability, who received no wound from the fire; but, to preserve themselves, dropped with the rest, and exhibited all the appearance of having participated in the general fate.

This execution took place in the evening—immediately after its close, the soldiers, fatigued and sick with cold blooded slaughter, marched back to their quarters, without examining whether every person upon whom they had fired, had fallen a victim to the murderous bullet. Soon after the soldiers had retired, the women of Toulon, allured by plunder, proceeded to the fatal spot. Mounted upon the bodies of the fallen, they stripped the dead and dying. The night was stormy. The moon, emerging from dark clouds, occasionally shed its pale lustre upon this horrible scene. When the plunderers had abandoned their prey, during an interval of deep darkness, in the dead of the night, when all was silent, unconscious of each others intentions, the two citizens who had escaped the general carnage, disencumbered themselves from the dead, under whom they were buried—chilled and naked, in an agony of mind not to be described, they, at the same moment, attempted to escape. In their agitation, they rushed against each other. Expressions of terror and surprise, dropped from each of them. "O! God! it is my father!" said one, "My son, my son, my son!" exclaimed the other, clasping him in his arms. They were father and son, who had thus miraculously escaped, and met in this extraordinary manner.

The person from whom I received this account, informed me, that he knew these gentlemen very well, and that they had been re-settled in Toulon about two years.

The wretch who had thus directed the ruthless vengeance of a revolutionary banditti, against the breast of his fellow citizens, was, at this time, in Paris, soliciting from the present government, from a total misconception of its nature, those remunerations which had been promised, but never realized by his barbarous employers.

I need scarcely add, that although he had been in the capital several months, he had not been able to gain admittance to the minister's secretary.

The time of terror was over—the murderer's occupation was gone—the guillotine, with unsatiated hunger, after having gorged the fruit which was thrown to it, had devoured its feeder.

FASHION.

"WHAT could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the fourteenth century? He wore long, pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; hose of one color on one leg, and of another color on the other; short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs; a coat, one half white, and the other half black or blue; a long beard; silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals dancing, men, &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones. This dress was the very top of the trade in the reign of Edward the Third.

"The dress of the gay and fashionable ladies, who frequented the public diversions of these times, was not more decent or becoming. It is thus described by Kynghton, A. D. 1348—"These tournaments are attended by many ladies of the first rank and greatest beauty, but not always of the most untainted reputation. These ladies are dressed in party colored tunics, one half being of one color, and the other half of another; their lirripipes or tippets are very short; their caps remarkably little, and wrapt about their heads with cords; their girdles and pouches are ornamented with gold and silver, and they wear short swords, called *daggers* before them, a little below their breast; they are mounted on the finest horses, with the richest furniture. Thus equipped, they ride from place to place in quest of tournaments, by which they dissipate their fortunes, and ruin their reputations."—The head dresses of the ladies underwent many changes in the course of this period. They were sometimes enormously high, rising almost three feet above the head, in the shape of sugar loaves, with streamers of the finest silk flowing from the top of them to the ground. Upon the whole, I am fully persuaded, that we have no good reason to pay any compliments to our ancestors of this period, at the expense of our cotemporaties either for the frugality, elegance, or decency of their dress."

OBSERVATION.

What you please, means, I expect much more than I can in reason ask for.

Philadelª., *June* 30, 1804.

Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in Lexington, Kentucky, to the Editor, dated June 12, 1804.

"Fourteen Indians of the Ousage nation, from Louisiana, nearly 500 miles up the Missoura, are here on their way to visit the President; they are the tallest and most muscular men I have ever seen either in Europe or America. They have conceived a high opinion of the United States from the population they have seen—what will they think when they visit New York and Philadelphia, whither they intend to proceed before their return. Six of their party were killed by the Sacquais and Renard tribes, on their journey to this place. The Ousage nation contains about 1500 warriors, who fight on horseback, and wage perpetual war with every Indian nation. Their chief has been much offended by being so much gazed at since their arrival, but is told by a French gentleman who accompanies them, that it is a custom, and a mark of respect among the whites, to look at and admire great men."

MARRIED—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr *William Kneass*, engraver, to Miss *Mary Honeyman*, both of this city.

—— On Sunday evening last, by Heath Norbury, Esq. Mr. *Benton Williams*, of Philadelphia co. to Miss *Elizabeth Harman*, late of New Jersey.

——On Monday, last by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, *Thomas Cadwallader*, Esq. to Miss *Mary Biddle*, daughter of Clemment Biddle, Esq. all of this city.

—— On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, the Rev. *Thomas Sargent*, of Maryland, to Miss *Helena Bartow*, of this city.

—— On the 19th inst. at Newport (R. I.) by the Rev. Theodore Dehon, *Lieut. Lewis Howard*, of this city (now in the U. States' service at Fort Wolcott) to Miss *Harriet Jones* of the former place.

"*The Kiss*" by 'a subscriber' is not entirely destitute of merit, yet considerable correction would be necessary to render it admissible.

"*Bill Bowsprit's*" – Communication has arrived and shall be entered on Saturday next.

"*X's*" Selection is received.

"*Eliza Fickle*"—Shall also appear in the next number.

Temple of the Muses.

Selected for the Repository.

HOPE.

IMMENSE of bulk, her towering head she shows,
Her floating tresses seem to touch the skies,
Dark mists her unsubstantial shape compose,
And on the mountain's top her dwelling lies.
As when the clouds fantastic shapes disclose,
For ever varying to the gazer's eyes,
Till on the breeze the changeful hues escape,
Thus vague her form, and mutable her shape.

Description of her Attendants.

Illusive beings round their sovereign wait,
Deceitful dreams, and auguries, and lies,
Innumerous arts the gaping crouds that cheat,
Predictions wild, and groundless propheeies;
With wondrous words or written rolls of fate,
Foretelling—when 'tis past—what yet shall rise;
And alchymy, and astrologic skill,
And fond conjecture—always form'd at will.

X.

Selected for the Repository.

JEALOUSY.

SAD in a nook obscure, and sighing deep,
A pale and haggard beldam shrinks from view;
Her gloomy vigils there she loves to keep,
Wrapt in a robe of ever-changing hue;
A hundred eyes she has, that ceaseless weep,
A hundred ears that pay attention due.
Imagined evils aggravate her grief,
Heedless of sleep, and stubborn to relief.

X.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

By inserting the following extract from a much admired female author, you will, I doubt not, oblige more of your readers than the one who takes the liberty of sending you this.

ANNA.

AN EPISTLE,

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND:

The enquiry addressed to Miranda's *guardian angel.*

GENTLE spirit, tell me where
My MIRANDA loves to stray?
Is she not thy watchful care
Thro' the night, and all the day?
Does she wander through the grove,
List'ning to the linnet's lay,
Musing on diviner love
Than creation can display?
Is she roving o'er the field,
Bless'd with *friendship's* pleasing voice,
Friendship that can pleasure yield,
Crowning all her other joys?
Is the raging main in view,
While he throws his billows high?
This, all this is known to you,
Wing'd descendant from the sky.

Gentle spirit, fly, O fly,
And to my MIRANDA bear
On thy downy wings, a sigh;
Softly whisper in her ear;
Say, MARIA longs to meet,
Longs to see her *friend* again:
Joys of meeting must be sweet,
If to part be such a pain.

Fly, ye moments, haste the time,
When to yon bright world above,
We with joyful feet shall climb,
Clad with glory, fill'd with love;
Then united, side by side,
Never, never more to part,
Endless years shall not divide
My MIRANDA from my heart.

Thro' the the golden streets we'll stray,
View our FATHER's smiling face,
In the realms of heav'nly day,
Sing the wonders of his grace;
Sin and sorrow left behind,
Peace and joy shall sweetly flow
In our happy, happy minds,
Come, MIRANDA, let us go——

For the Philadelphia Repository.

VERSES

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

NOW o'er thy strings the gentle breezes blow,
And solemn music rises on the gale;
In trembling accents mournful, soft and low:
While soft emotions o'er the soul prevail.

As distant music meets th' unlist'ning ear,
In broken swells of the melodious strain;
Borne on the rising gale more loud and clear
It comes, then falls then swells and falls again.

So when o'er thee the slumb'ring zephyr creeps,
Sweet, low, and melancho'y sounds arise;
But when thy conscious chords the full blast sweeps,
The answering harp a grander swell supplies.

A thrilling pleasure dances in the breast,
We feel, we own sweet music's gentle sway;
But hark! again by the rude wind 'tis press'd
Again it rises, sinks and dies away.
Again the solemn, sweling sounds I hear,
In various measures on the breeze they float,
From gentle murmurs rising, loud and clear,
They sooth the soul with ev'ry mellow note.

ADELIO.

THE SIGHS.

WHERE's the heart without its secret sigh!

The Miser, as he shows you o'er and o'er,
Amidst the exhaustless heaps, will sigh for more;
And could he drain the springs of fortune dry,
Still, still for more his selfish soul would sigh.
The Lover, drooping in the silent shade,
Is an old dealer in the sighing trade;
But let the nymph in wedlock ease his moan,
He'll sigh again, perchance to sigh alone;
Or, if with tender cares he still should pine,
His sighs are wafted to another shrine.
The Hero's swelling bosom sigh's for fame,
To grant his wish is but to spur his aim:
O'er earth if his victorious banners fly,
For other worlds to conquer, still he'll sigh.
The Poet sighs to lift his laurel'd head,
Triumphant, o'er the living and the dead;
At last he sighs for wreaths to deck his tomb,
And flourish round it in eternal bloom.
The Critic hunts for faults with eager eyes,
And only o'er an author's beauty sighs:
In short, through wise and weak, and great and small;
——————Sighs intrude on all,
And, let poor mortals gain whate'er they will,
A sigh for something must possess them still.

THE TEST.

YOUNG *Philo* let a snowy ball,
One chilly winter's day
Into his *Nancy's* tucker fall,
Which on her bosom lay.

He soon disclos'd the playful jest,
And told her 'twas his heart,
Which he had thrown upon her breast
Its passion to impart.

Her modest check a blush confest!
She says, "'tis no decoy;
"Dear sir, it found a warmer nest,
"And MELTED with the joy."

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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